NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

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Devoted to General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic Events, the Sciences, Religion, Agriculture and Commerce, the Amusements and Fashions of the Day, &c. &c.

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For the New England Galaxy.

THE IMPORTANCE TO AUTHORS OF A HIGH ESTIMATE OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

Although most persons are ready to admit the truth of the remarks which appeared some time since, in the Continel, relative to the writings of Sir Walter Scott and the finished and exalted portraits of females drawn in those works, yet we should not suffer admiration of his superior genius to warp our judgments to the prejudice of our own countrymen. If our own writers possess not equal claims with Sir Walter, to the favor of the ladies, and if the delineations of female character found in American authors rank beneath the admirably executed portraits of the heroines of the Waverly novels, those who have contributed to enhance the literary reputation of the country are nevertheless entitled to no small measure of gratitude. For which consideration, we should pass over, while we regret, their less enthusiastic, and let me add, less just, conception of female character; as the sex can eventually suffer no injury from it.

One of the American authors, alluded to in the Continel, whose works have been particularly admired on the other side of the Atlantic, and particularly for "lifting up his voice in a strange land, to vindicate the injured character of his nation," may be said to have evinced some acquaintance with the graces in the character of the *fair sex*, when he says that while woman is "the dependent, she is likewise the ornament of man" His termagants and simpletons are not, to be sure, fair representatives of womankind,—but what is a poor author to do if fate cast his residence in the vicinity of 'Catharines' and 'Simple Suzans,' at a season when his ideas of the sex are forming? The impressions then formed are not easily to be effaced, and though in after life he meet women wise as Zobeide, and beautiful as the Houries, his prejudiced mind rejects their fair appearance as deceptive, and the perfection they *seem* to have attained is distrusted as the dreamings of an excited imagination, *too* good and *too* beautiful to exist in reality. He turns for relief from the dazzling view of such images, to those more conformable to his early impressions, and in better keeping with his prejudiced view of the subject. He would rather dilate upon themes which give his pen play, than evince his power at description, or his exalted conception of the beautiful in woman. It does not follow, because that a man is a satirist, or a humorist, who feeds his mirth at the expense of others, that he is morose, or that his looking to the dark side of a *fair* subject is evidence of cold selfishness. The humor that is so prominent a feature in the writings of some authors, is a constitutional trait in their characters, and what in their works looks like ill nature, deserves, in truth, no harsher epithet than to be styled the careless gratification of a natural bent. Why should an author be condemned for using the weapon he can most effectually wield for his purpose? If the writer to whom allusion was made at the commencement of this paragraph has pointed his pen with some sharpness against *wives*, it is in keeping with a vein of humor so irresistible, that he could not permit Rip Van Winkle to rest in quiet, till the brawlings of a termagant wife had driven the poor fellow away from home for repose, from which he awoke, after twenty years nap, in fearfulness of again encountering sounds which death alone could silence.

Where is the country which contains only wise women and good wives? Could such a region be discovered, our own would be deserted forthwith, and it would be advisable to send out an expedition to secure possession. As all mankind are more or less affected in character by the air they breathe, as the tree may be judged by its fruit, and cause traced from effect, it follows that in a country where perfect harmony prevails among the women—where there are no termagants, no Xantippes, the climate must be delightful. No fogs or chilling winds, no tempests of any nature—peace among the elements—peace and wisdom among the women—and beatitude *of course* the lot of the men! Gentle zephyrs, and breezes fraught with more than the spices of Arabia Felix, to lull the senses into quietness and pleasurable repose. Unfortunately, however, there is no such Utopia under the sun—no land where there is not one perverse, *rebellious* wife to upset the right order of things and one vain simpleton incapable of comprehending her duty. One! there are abundance of originals, in this our land, from which such portraits as that of the good vrouw Winkle may be drawn, and our author, always ready to sport with the ridiculous and the censurable, considered them *fair* game for the exercise of his humor.

Again. If he has attached too high an estimate to the mere *freshness, bloom* and beauty of youth, instead of giving his female characters an intellectual and moral beauty to render them striking and interesting as Sir Walter has done, it proceeds from the cause already named. Yet we repeat, he has not been unmindful of charms with which Nature has gifted the sex, in the disinterestedness and generosity of their feelings, in "the sweet self-abandonment which belongs to woman." With some authors, the heroine is but a minor object, they may not therefore consider it requisite, even if they are adequate to the task, to give her all the mental vigor, and exalted tone of feeling which characterize the heroines of Sir Walter Scott. The female characters of some of our American authors are far from being deficient in the elevation of mind which mark the true heroine, and perhaps Irving's next work may contain something which comes nearer the beau ideal of female perfection.

The apparent simplicity and excellence of feelings and principles, whether feigned or felt, which mark the writings of this author—his integrity, and singleness of purpose, we admire even more than the harmony, and grace of his style, which so enchant, and carry the reader on in the enthusiasm of his feelings, to fairy land, even while his tears flow over the tender, pathetic character of his serious reflections and the beautiful imagery of his glowing fancy, and poetic wanderings. He may truly be said to possess, if we may be allowed the term, *the genius of expression*. With the conviction that such an author is capable of doing much for the advancement of American literature, the ladies should pardon the defective, or imperfect light in which he may have represented them. They must consider them but 'sketches,' and not finished portraits. For, unless the heart be hardened by indulged selfishness, and 'pampered vanity,' let them not suppose it can be insensible to the just claims of the female character in its highest excellence. That in the various relations of life in which woman stands, she has the best title to every benevolent sentiment in her favor. Heart could it be otherwise, when she is looked upon to *every* advance the interests of her sex? Even when one forgets the legitimate causes of splendid millinery to [illegible] all but the [illegible]

MISCELLANY.

DISAPPOINTMENT, OR THE BILLET-DOUX

BY MRS CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Rat a tat, rat a tat, run, Lucy, run!
What can that stupid girl be at,
Why in the kitchen stay to chat?
Hark! hark! again! the Postman's rap!
O, run! good Lucy, run;

Here's a *pink* letter, Miss, for you!
Post paid, dear heart! why how you blush!
Cock'd-hat-like folded; (fashion now)—
The seal two doves, that bill and coo—
Well! hush, good Lucy, hush!

From Cornet Blonder, of the Blues,
No doubt!—its every fold breathes sweets;
Dear charming youth—the muse he woos—
"Sophy, my darling, what's the news?"
N-o-thing, Papa, how my heart beats!

I tremble—gentle wax unclose—
Goddess of Nerves! support me still!
'Tis open'd—(Pa's so kind to doos!)
Dear youth, I knew he would propose,
What do I see?—Miss Fitwell's Bill!

Was it for *this* my heart *so* beat?
(With grief and rage, I shall expire,)
Instead of Love's own whispers sweet,
A Milliner's account to meet,
That feeds no *flame except the fire!*

Shameful! that Tradespeople should write
On *tinted* paper, seal'd with doves;
Sure *they* may keep to "black and white,"
If these vile bills they *must* indite,
And leave the Graces to the Loves!

[From the "Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds."

WHIMSICAL ADVENTURE.

After dinner, my brother, "hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood," accompanied his host to his box at the Opera. For a short time, the dancing of Bacelli solely engaged Richard's attention; but it was suddenly withdrawn, by something in the adjoining box, far more attractive. This something was an extremely handsome woman, the wife of Sir Charles ——, a Baronet of fashion and fortune. At her, Richard gazed, and glanced, and sighed so deeply, that he rendered himself not only ridiculously conspicuous to the object of his idolatry, but to the whole party, amongst whom was Richard, a rare character at the Opera—a loving, jealous husband.

The Ballet being concluded, the lady and her friends left the box, followed at a respectful distance by the enamoured, tipsey Richard. They entered the hall, the carriage was announced, and he was on the point of losing his fair inamorato, when the violent pressure of the crowd momentarily separated her from her party. 'Seizing the golden opportunity,' Richard gallantly advanced, and triumphantly handed her into the carriage; when, forgetful of his usual good taste and good manners, he placed his foot on the step, with the intention of accompanying her.

At this unlucky moment, 'the green-eyed monster,' the furious husband, darted forward, and grasped his arm; high words ensued, and cards were exchanged, Richard putting into his pocket that of 'Sir Charles ——, Lower Grosvenor street,' and the husband putting into his pocket that of 'Mr Richard Reynolds, John-street, Adelphi.' After this preamble to another exchange, I mean, to that of shots, Sir Charles —— instead of getting into the carriage, proceeded towards White's, in a fit of spleen, leaving his wife to return alone.

The disappointed Richard, in the interim, also attempted to wend his way homewards; but from the increasing effects of the wine, he lost all recollection. After wandering for some time, in St. James's Square, he at length, completely confused and exhausted, seated himself under a portico, and instantly fell asleep. In this condition, a watchman discovered him, and after several vain attempts to awaken him, committed him to the guardianship of the chairman of an empty sedan that was passing at the moment. Into this, with some difficulty, they had placed their torpid load, and were preparing to depart; when one of the chairmen cried to the watchman, "Paddy, Paddy, who is he; where is the direction post?"

"True, Phalim," added his brother in porterage; "at this rate, we may come out with him at the world's end, and be no jot the richer or wiser."

"Faith, he is no acquaintance of mine, honies," replied the watchman; "but if, on searching him I find nothing of the jontleman about him, by the powers, I'll coolly house him with the constable of the night."

The search commenced—no letter—no memorandum—poor Richard was in dreadful peril, when a solitary card was discovered, and by the light of his lantern, the watchman read aloud: "Sir Charles ——, Lower Grosvenor-street." This was the passport; and away they trotted, much gratified by so sufficient and satisfactory a direction.

Arriving in the above mentioned street at one o'clock in the morning, with the supposed Baronet (and drawn blinds, to prevent an exposition of his humiliating situation,) the chairman knocked, and a servant appeared. On their inquiry, whether that was the house of Sir Charles ——, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, the chair was conveyed into the hall. The Paddies explained to the servant, how and where they had found his master and showed his card.

As this was an unusual occurrence, the servant alarmed, feared to disturb the Baronet, till he had received the instructions of her Ladyship; who having awaited the return of her husband a considerable time, had at length retired to her room.—The Servant, therefore, sent one of her women to inform her of his master's arrival; and then, with the assistance of the chairman, removed the chair into the library, when they themselves were sent below, to wait for further orders.

The minor performers having left the stage, the principal now remained alone. My brother having awakened, and raised the lid of the chair, and finding himself housed, at first naturally thought some kind person had conducted him home—but grave were both his surprise and alarm, when he discovered that he was in a strange house.

Eager for explanation, he was proceeding to ring the bell, when he heard [illegible]

[From Fun and Ink Sketches in the Liverpool Jour.]

ANECDOTES OF O'CONNELL.

One of O'Connell's earliest displays of acuteness was at Tralee, in the year 1799, shortly after he had been called to the Bar. In the intricate case where he was junior counsel (having got the brief more as a family compliment than from any other case,) the question in dispute was as to the validity of a will, which had been made almost in *articulo mortis*. The instrument was drawn up with proper form; the witnesses were examined and gave ample confirmation that the deed had been legally executed. One of them was an old servant possessed of a strong passion for speaking. It fell to O'Connell to cross-examine him, and the young barrister allowed him to speak on, in the hope that he might say too much. Nor was this hope disappointed. The witness had already sworn that he saw the deceased sign the will. "Yes" continued he, with all the garrulousness of old age, "I saw him sign it, and surely *there was life in him at the time.*" The expression frequently repeated, led O'Connell to conjecture that it had a peculiar meaning. Fixing his eye upon the old man, he said, "You have taken a solemn oath before God and man to speak the truth, and the whole truth—the eye of God is upon you; the eyes of your neighbours are fixed upon you also. Answer me, by the virtue of that sacred and solemn oath which has passed your lips, was the deceased [illegible] at the time he signed the will?" [illegible] colour changed—his lips quivered—his limbs trembled, and he faltered out the reply, "there was life in him." The question was repeated in a more impressive manner, and the result was, that O'Connell half compelled, half cajoled him to admit, that after life was extinct, a pen had been put into the testator's hand—that one of the party guided it to sign his name, while as a salvo for the consciences of all concerned, a living fly was put into the dead man's mouth, to qualify the witnesses to bear testimony that "there was life in him" when he signed that will. This fact, literally dragged from the witness, preserved a large property in a respectable and worthy family, and was the first occurrence in O'Connell's legal career, worth mentioning.—Miss Edgeworth, in her, "Patronage," has an incident not much different from this—perhaps it was suggested by it. The plaintiffs in this case were two sisters named Langton, both of whom still enjoy the property miraculously preserved to them by the ingenuity of O'Connell; and the writer of this sketch has often heard them relate the manner in which he had contrived to elicit the truth.

Again—One of the most remarkable personages in Cork, for a series of years, was a sharp-witted little fellow named John Boyle, who published a periodical called "The Freeholder." As Boyle did not see that any peculiar dignity hedged the Corporation of Cork, his "Freeholder" was remarkable for severe and satirical remarks upon its members, collectively and personally. Owing to the very great precautions as to the mode of publication, it was next to impossible for the Corporation to proceed against him for libel—if they could have done so, his punishment was certain; for, in those days, there were none but Corporation Juries—and the fact that Boyle was hostile to the municipal *clique*, was quite enough for these worthy administrators of justice. It happened on the occasion of a crowded benefit, that Boyle and one of the Sheriffs were coming out of the pit of the theatre at the same moment. A sudden crash drove the scribe against the Sheriff, and the concussion was such that the latter had two of his ribs broken.—There could be no doubt that the whole was accidental; but it was too lucky not to be taken advantage of. Mr Boyle was prosecuted for assault.—O'Connell (who was personally inimical to the Corporation) scarcely cross-examined a witness, and called none in defence. He proceeded to reply. After some hyperbolical compliments on the well-known impartiality, independence, and justice of a Cork jury," he proceeded to address them thus:

"I had no notion that the case is what it is; therefore I call no witnesses. As I have received a brief and its accompaniment—a fee, I must address you, I am not in the vein for making a long speech—so, gentlemen, instead of it, I shall tell you a story.—Some years ago, I went specially, to Clonmell assizes, and accidentally witnessed a trial which I never shall forget. A wretched man, a native of that county, was charged with the murder of his neighbor. It seemed that an ancient feud existed between them. They had met at a fair, and exchanged blows: again, that evening, they met at a low pot-house, and the bodily interference of friends alone, prevented a fight between them.—The prisoner was heard to vow vengeance against his rival. The wretched victim left the house, followed soon after by the prisoner, and was found next day on the road-side, murdered, and his face so barbarously beaten in by a stone that he could only be identified by his dress. The facts were strong against the prisoner—in fact it was the strongest case of circumstantial evidence I ever met with. As a form—of his guilt there was no doubt—the prisoner was called on for his defence. He called—to the surprise of every one, the murdered man. And the murdered man came forward. It seemed that another man had been murdered—that the identification by dress was vague, for all the peasantry of Tipperary wore the same description of clothes—and that the deceased [illegible]

[From the Philadelphia Gazette.]

ST VALENTINE'S DAY.

"Where can the postman be, I say?
He ought to *fly* on such a day!
Of *all* days in the year, you know,
It's monstrous to be so very slow!
The fellow's so *exceeding* stupid—
Hark!—*there* he is! oh, the *dear Cupid!*"

St Valentine's day, (February 14th) is so called in honor of the saint of all true lovers, of every degree, St Valentine, a bishop, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of the Emperor Claudius II. He was so eminently distinguished for his benevolence love and charity, that the custom of choosing Valentines, or special loving friends, on the anniversary of his birth, is supposed by some to have originated from thence. Other writers trace the origin of the custom to the fact that birds usually choose their mates on this day, and a third authority, ascribes it to a practice in ancient Rome, of celebrating the *Lupercalia*, in honor of Pan and Juno. On these occasions, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put in a box from which they were drawn by the young men, as chance directed. This idea is supported by strong testimony.

Of the festival of Lupercalia, this account is given by learned writers. It was usual first to sacrifice two goats and a dog, and to touch with the bloody knife, the foreheads of two illustrious youths, who were obliged to smile while they were touched. The blood was wiped away with wool dipped in milk. After this, the skins of the victims were cut into thongs with which whips were made for the youths. With these whips they ran about the streets whipping all they met, particularly females.

In England, to this day, the custom of choosing lovers and sending valentines on the 14th February, prevails almost universally. All classes, from the lord to the foot-boy, participate in this amusement, and it has been calculated that on [illegible] anniversary, two hundred thousand letters, [illegible] the usual average, pass through the two penny post office of London. In this country the custom also prevails, but to a more limited extent.

Geoffrey Chaucer, an ancient English poet, in allusion to the custom of birds choosing their mates on St Valentine's day, says:

"Saint Valentine, thou art full high on loft,
Which drivest away the long nights blacke;
Thus singen smalle foules for thy sake,
Will they have cause for to gladden oft;
Since each of them recovered hath his Make,
Full blissful may they sing when they awake."

Messon, a learned traveller, who died in England about 1721, thus describes the amusing practices of his time. "On the eve of the 14th February, the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together, each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his Valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man that she calls hers. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the Valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days in their bosoms, and this little sport often ends in love."

In some places, particularly in London, the lad's Valentine is the first lass he sees in the morning, who is not an inmate of the house; the lass's Valentine is the first youth she sees. Gay mentions this usage. He makes a rustic house-wife remind her good man:—

"I early rose at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
To the field I went amid the morning dew,
To milk my Kine, for so should housewives do;
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of Fortune shall our fruit love be."

Sylvanus Urban, in 1779 was informed, that on St Valentine's day, in that year, in the village of Kent, there was this sport. The girls from five to eighteen years of age, were assembled in a crowd, burning an uncouth effigy, which they called a 'belly boy,' and which they had stolen from the boys; while in another part of the village the boys were burning what they called an 'ivy girl' which they had stolen from the girls. The ceremony of each burning was accompanied by acclamations, hooting, and other noise.

In the west of England, the following custom prevailed for many years. Three single young men went out together before daylight on St Valentine's day, with a clap net to catch an old owl and two sparrows. If they were successful, and could bring the birds to the inn before the maids had risen, they were rewarded by the hostess with three pots of purl, and enjoyed the privilege of demanding at any other house a similar boon. This was said to be an emblem, that the owl, being the bird of wisdom, could influence the feathered race to assist the men of love as mates on that day, wherein both maids and maidens should be reminded that happiness would only be secured by the early union.

In Scotland, Valentine gifts are unknown, as they still are in some other places. Hence arises

'The day St Valentine
When maids are brisk, and at the break of day
Start up and turn their pillows, curious all
To know what happy swain the fates provide
A maid for life. Then follows their discovery
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Valentines are either a declaration of love, or a sonnet in praise of the lover's mistress. They are simple or elegant according to the genius and skill of the writer. Those of [illegible] address themselves with a single distich, as follows:

'I'll be yours, if you'll be mine,
I am your Valentine, Valentine.'

While others are [illegible]

[From the Paris Mirror.]

A LADY PATRONISED.

[illegible] was silent; the prisoner was innocent. The [illegible] told the Jury that it was unnecessary to [illegible] them. They requested permission to retire; [illegible] returned in about two hours, when the foreman with a long face, handed him the verdict [illegible] Judge, 'of what is he guilty? Not of murder?' 'No, my Lord,' said the Foreman, 'he did not murder that man, sure he stole my [illegible] three years ago.'"

Mark Jurors laughed heartily at this anecdote the ninth had time to cool. O'Connell continued, with marked emphasis, "Sir gentlemen of the Jury, Mr Boyle did not wilfully assault the Sheriff—he libelled the Corporation—find him guilty [illegible]" The application was so severe that [illegible] shamed into justice, instantly acquitted Mr

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[From the New England Galaxy.]

THE CHARITY OF THE POOR.

"Henry the Second's time; and [illegible] onesis Maugrand, habited as a [illegible] ing on the arm of a mendicant, [illegible] These two diseases, which had [illegible] cured from China, and were of [illegible] cence, had cost 20,000 francs. [illegible] too great sacrifices when a fine [illegible] the poor is in question?

All at once, a movement was observed at one of the doors of the saloon, and a [illegible] whom the crowd gathered, attracted by the singularity of his costume. It was a [illegible] garb of a beggar, carrying a wallet, and [illegible] garments were pasted [illegible] process. His breast, his back, [illegible] were covered with them; [illegible] Montfort were amongst the first to [illegible] mysterious personage, and read on [illegible] stamped paper, which [illegible] copies of the [illegible]

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inventory [illegible] sale.

And on his hat, which was surrounded with black crape, was a written paper, with these words in large characters—

"The charity of the rich of the world."

[From the Philadelphia Gazette.]

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"Thus spoke the fair one to her youth,
Whose heart was all of flame,
Whose every thought was full of truth,
And every word the same.
Around his head young Cupids played,
And Venus deck'd his brow
With myrtle chaplet a VALENTINE.

"Bend not the knee, who loves himself,
Neither the robe your love obtain;
Chastity not the flatter for his pelf,
The deceiver hard with cold disdain;
The profligate with caution shun,
His vows of pain scorn in the
To none of them your heart incline,
Nor chosen from them a VALENTINE.

"But should some generous youth appear,
Whose honest mind is void of art,
Who shall his Maker's laws revere,
And serve him with a willing heart;
Who owns fair virtue for his guide,
Nor from her precepts turns aside;
To him at once your heart resign,
And bless your faithful VALENTINE.

"Though in this wilderness below,
You still imperfect bliss shall find,
Yet such a friend will share each woe,
And bid you be to Heaven resign'd:
While faith unfolds the radiant prize,
And hope still points beyond the skies,
At life's dark storms you'll not repine,
But bless the day of VALENTINE."

"MATRIMONY. With what sordid motives do pa- compact their children to enter into [illegible] that too, with those whom [illegible] or even dis- [illegible] that their wealth [illegible] will be increased, and for that they are [illegible] make every sacrifice. They heed not the grief or sorrow that they bring upon their devoted offspring. They little think of the tears of anguish that they cause to flow, Sooner than be disconcerted in their ambitious schemes, they will doom them to unmitigated wretchedness—to all the glowing agonies of despair. Remember, there is an eternal and all seeing God who is watching over you! He hears the groans which you are extorting by your cruelty. You may accomplish your designs, but you will not escape the dread retribution of punishment. When you are stretched upon the bed of death, you will not forget the wrongs you have inflicted upon those who should be dearer to you than all the world beside, and these reflections will torment you like so many fiends, until the last pulse- of life have ceased.

"UNHEARING LIFE. Why will you increase the misery of her who has renounced the happiness of a matrimonial life? Are you qualified to judge of her motives? Do you know what disgust she may have felt for the deceitfulness of man? Were you a witness of her agony—her burning tears—the grief that secretly devoured her, when the spell of her affections was broken? when the vows of love proved a deceiving and lying oracle? when the joys of life fled quickly away, and existence became to her a curse—a torment? And yet, you despise her—you, who do not possess an atom of her nobleness of soul—you, whose passions, whose lusts, are all unrestrained.

"THE WARRIOR.—He may be compared to the splendors of a sunset, that succeeds a gloomy and tempestuous day. He requires no idle ceremonies —no high sounding epithets—no jargon of senseless and unmeaning praise—no proud monument, to perpetuate his name, or keep him alive in the remembrance of the people. He has been consecrated by his own blood—and his death becomes the pride and glory of the whole nation. The recollection of his valor adds to its further security. Enemies will respect a people who have had such a fearless champion of their rights. His virtues never die—they are transmitted from one generation to another.

FAMILY DEVOTION. It is a beautiful thing to behold a family at their devotions. Who would not be moved by the tear that trembles in the mother's eye, as she looks to heaven, and pours her fervent supplications, for the welfare of her children? Who can look with indifference upon the venerable father surrounded by his family, with his uncovered locks kneeling in the presence of Almighty God, and praying for their happiness and prosperity? In whose bosom is not awakened the finest feelings, on beholding a tender child, in the beauty of its innocence, folding its little hands in prayer, and imploring the invisible, yet eternal father, to bless its parents, its brothers and sisters, and its playmates.

WOMEN LESS COURTED THAN FORMERLY. A few centuries ago, women were scarcely accessible, but shut up in houses and castles, lived retired from the bustle of the world. When they deigned to show themselves, they were approached as divinities; a transient view of them often set the heart on fire, and their smiles conferred a happiness and raised an enthusiastic ardor of which, at this period we can hardly form any idea. By degrees, as manners became more free and the sexes mixed together with less ceremony, women began to be seen with less trepidation, approached with less difficulty and sunk in their value as they became objects of greater familiarity. Nor was this peculiar to the time we are delineating; the same effect always has and always will happen from the same cause. Let the other sex, therefore, learn this instructive lesson from it—that half the esteem and veneration we show them is owing to their modesty and reserve, and that a contrary conduct may make the most enchanting goddess degenerate in our eyes to a mere woman, with all the faculties of mortality about her. The forward beauty, whose face is known in every public place, may be given as a feast, and have her name inscribed on the window of a tavern; but she rarely ever becomes an object of esteem, or is solicited to be a companion for life.

REMARKABLE DOG. A female servant at [Berlin having been sent to wash some linen in the river, the ice broke and the girl disappeared under water. She afterwards rose to the surface and called for help, but again sank. She appeared a second time above water, when her master's dog, seizing her handkerchief, dragged her upon the ice, which again broke; the handkerchief became untied, and the unfortunate girl again disappeared. She rose for a third time, and grasped one of the dog's ears. The frightened animal then seized her by the arm and dragged her to the bank. The dog has since become so much attached to the servant that he refuses to quit her for an instant.

NOVEL METHOD OF DEFEATING AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT. Last week, at Queen square, police officer [illegible] the drivers of two Hammersmith omnibuses were fined 40s, or one month's imprisonment, for obstructing the carriage way by stopping in the road. It appeared that by the act of Parliament any constable or peace officer has the power to take into custody the driver of any public vehicle who refuses to remove while obstructing the high road, without taking the trouble of summoning them.—The drivers in the above-mentioned cases were taken off their boxes and conveyed to the station house and committed the next morning. On Saturday morning an omnibus was obstructing the road at Kensington Gravel Pits, and the driver refused to move on when desired by the constable, who was about to order him to the station house when he found that the horses were attached on the near side, and fastened by a short coupling. The attempt to remove him was unavailing. Several other omnibuses came riding at full speed from town, stopped as long as they pleased, and then quietly moved off, the constable looking on, and finding [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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